



Wipacrow

Vincent Zapp

SOUPCON

5:30 am

the guy is already out
plowing and beeping
and plowing

the dollar general
parking lot

i can see him shoveling the sidewalk

the city hasnt come out yet
to do centre or baum

there will be no going out today
for my indian buffet and
vindaloo takeaway
for tomorrow

im making chicken soup
and if everything turns out
just as my brother charlie says
i'll have enough
till the snow
starts melting

i bought measuring cups
measuring spoons
and a fuckin peeler

once

we had
dennis brutus and his wife may
to our garret for dinner
(she had a great chicken curry recipe)
we told them how we failed at making chicken soup

dennis said
next time call me
may said
you don't know anything about it
dennis said
i know but i
might have some ideas

we all laughed with dennis for dessert

lets see how this one turns

out

and

go

from there

SATURDAY

6:44 am

the day is still
under
the covers

i should be

DIMPLINGS

the goose
and the gander

out for a meander

mornings
amuse bouche



COMPASSIONATE CANNABIS QUESTION

how long have
you
been
using cannabis

50 years

THE COMING STRAWBERRY MOON

i gave
my

blood and
urine

i got to read
three

linda stevenson poems

vape pen
in hand

i set off searching
for a
bar of soap

that wont make
me

smell like

a bus full of
monday
commuters

i found a bar of
goats milk soap

in a draw string sachet

splurging
on
some

bhut jolokia
ghost peppers
flakes

thursday is the strawberry moon

PARTS UNKNOWN

he had a tv show
called

parts unknown

he attended
a

buddhist death ritual
in bhutan

on the final day
of shooting

the last
episode of

the show

then
he

went back

to
france

and
killed himself

parts unknown



DAMN WHAT IS THAT QUOTE FROM KEATS

sleeping with the lights on

i
have to be
careful

cockroach
or

somnambulist

which
ones
carapace

i
whack
with the

broom
and

flush
down the
toilet

THINK IVE HAD ONE TOO MANY WHIFFS

do i feel

a
nap

coming
on

or

am i
passing out
from

the
exterminator

(secretly
a

cockroach)

whose
fumigations

are the machinations

of a
blattid
cabals
coup

to
kill

me

KATSARIDAPHOBIA

i know

ask anyone retching their guts out from
chemotherapy

or looking at their mom
in a coffin

or one of the 40,,000
kids

who die everyday
from
wretched
hunger

if
they

would
swap
my

cockroach problem

for
theirs

but there it was

climbing up the side
of the tissue box

antennae
going

gabo gabo

next to my
bed

which is on the floor

i keep remembering
the story

my buddy told me

how when
he was a

kid

in
st clair village

one almost crawled in his mouth

while
he
slept



A COMPLIMENT NOT A CRTICISM

reading your
poems

in

the
bathroom

they

make
me

shit

FIRST DAY OF AUTUMN

it was sweet
to see you driving down
carson street

in your
vw bus

in my dream

PSITHURISM:

friable susurrations from what the heart calls the past
more and more i long for women like della street
(the mirror blooms as a flower)
lipped nipple from a promiscuous psithurism
saudade emptying nocturnes bouteilles

ECDYSIS

darkness
sloughs its

habiliments

from
the

stygian heroes parade

SCHROEDINGERS HEART

i leave the tv on
when i leave

so

when i come home
jennifer anniston will be there



THE MOON USED TO SLEEP WITH ME

since i moved
to my new apartment

i haven't
seen the

moon

ON HOLD

for about

an hour
with social security

because

when i
forgot

my password

for
the site

it asked me

where i was
when

kennedy was shot

TO A FUCKIN DICKHEAD

theres
no

excuse

for
letting
your dogs

piss in the magnolia park

GADZOOKERY

walking to aldis
for grapes

wondering

did i buy a mortar
and pestle

or

stamen
and pistils

GENDER FLUIDITY IN MY GMAIL

this common medication is giving you a dry vagina
heres why you should never wash your vagina
is it normal to feel like your tampon is falling out



EVEN THOUGH I FUCKED IT UP

monday a hole
in
one of the pipes in an apartment
above me

la persistance of mold

its
thursday

the sillage
of my

chicken soup

LATEN WE PRATEN

the leaves

are running around
in the snow

on the roof

they want me to believe
theyre having
fun

its 2 degrees
how dumb did they
hear

i am

THE LAST VINDALOO

how many vindaloos have
you made for me

over these 20 years

how many gobis
have i gobbled

how many chickens got to
reincarnate

via your tandoori
and my

grangousiers
maw

where i saw
kama

and now

youre
going away

i think ive stayed
here

just for my saturday pigouts
and sunday

take aways

i just got your family begats
figured out

not only did your warm
my chili sauce

my heart

i will miss you dear friends
don't be surprised
if i turn up
in india

looking for dear mr singh

and
a

bhang lassi

ULTRAVIOLET CATASTROPHE

a

more of grog
than

fog

once i
learned to
land

i
stopped

flying

in
my
dreams



THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO MY CATHERDRAL

st marys german
was
a beautiful cathedral church
on

olive street
in mckeesport

where i hung out with god
and
sang gregorian chant

the mills shutdown
because there were no war machines to
to build

the slaughter of the vietnamese
hadn't

rah rah'd

up
yet

so we moved
to
a boy scout camp

my catholicism
sloughed
into

ecdysis

then once the war was over
and there wasn't any more killing to be
done for a bit

the mills didn't want to ablate

the air
and rivers

made feculent

they iscarrioted the union judases
who never recanted their betrayal
or hung themselves

like they should have

told the workers to
fuck off

and
split

then the churches

i heard they tore down
st marys

i found
a

weed patch

the methodist church
across the street

a crack house
or worse

i went there last thanksgiving
they built
some housing

where st marys stood

and the methodist church became
the new rotting blotch

we drove to the old locust street
neighborhood

the house
and blocks and blocks

were gone

better than the rest of the neighborhoods that
look like dresden after
world war two

except the old coca cola plant building was
still there
repurposed

unlike the rest of mckeesport

they scourged the
soul out of the city

and wonder
why

its named the 4th most dangerous place in america.

now
the city makes
excellent

cannabis

but it will take a shitload
of pot

to blot out

what was done to
to cities

like mckeesport

who saved the world
from hilter

only to be crucified by the money changers

not even
a
potters field

THE VEILINGS

you should have been the

scandalous
painter

from mckeesport

the city
andy always
said
he was from

your
beauty

alone

should have
landed

the pleiades

on your
lap

your
vorfreude

should not have
been
the

smultronställe

of
psyche wards

though

you could have
written

the baedekers
guide
to

the mental hospitals
of

western Pennsylvania

its easy for
me
to

talk shit now

but i

would have gladly
abdicated
my

rebirth

you didn't
need

us
seven kids

or dad

anyway
theyre all
gone

except for me and charlie

there should have been
a photo

of you punching picasso in the stomach

and
kissing

roberto rossellini

you and yoko
should have
taken

acid

a
starry night

instead
of

the physicians desk reference

the press would have called
you

vera of the seven veils

lift the veils
to
the

next lives

and
you're not my mother

we're
smoking

hashish

THESE ARE THE THOUGHTS THAT TURN TO THE NUTTING SEASON

who will cook me a drunk goose

in the
asthenopia of
the

sporades

things
are

thingmotropic

mycoheterotrophs
are
mycorrhizal cheaters

squirrels are said to be feeding in cornfields
crows getting murdered on poppies

family automobile running on
stiff and faithless shoes

some might say

my
goose
is
already

cooked



SUN ENTERS VIRGO

coeds

getting on the bus

ill read michael horovitz when i get home

AMERICA

manager
of my

apartment

says

you gotta accept the fact
that

there are
cockroaches

or
move

i
will

to
amsterdam

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 1 2019

I
wish there
were

tea eggs

but
the

antipasto is
on
sale

and the pothole on 12st

is
patched

did i already cross
the

16th street bridge

BERTOLUCCI

how many times
did we
see

1900

at
the

guild

came across
your
husbands bio

among his many
achievements
was

being married for
40 years

i downloaded
your
paintings



FORGET ABOUT DEATH TIME AND DOOMSDAY

we

the hashashins
of

kali

have come
to

usher
you

home

where your
loving

mother
awaits

to
soothe

your pointed little
heads

the earth
has
asked her

to ablute

our
stain
of
cain

to

ablaaqueate
the

maya

from our
eyes

and lay us
down
in

sunflowers

she grew
in

oahu

our
dreams

the
thrum

of her love

if
we stay here

we will only
become

dumber
number

in
search
for
nepenthe

our

fontanel
sclerotic

making

phowa
impossible

she

will
end
the

seething
and

believing

and
dress
us

from
the

fell
of
our

hopings
and
mopings

she will
know
us

by the scars
we have
lathed
on ourselves

shedding
from

our souls

scabbing
navels

her sweet
lassi

breath

calling
us

forget
about

death time and doomsday

we are here

to take
you

home

NOW THAT THE HEAT IN MY APARTMENT IS TURNED ON

what is the

color
between

caramel
and
curry

the
taste

between

kheer
and
ras malai

summer
velvets

into october

with
a
122/62

mornings ecdysis

of
its
peignoir

for

fridays
perpelous
posology

and
the

stelliferous
piso mojado

of
a

hunters
moon

who will weave us
the

chartaceous

flames
of

autumn

A GOOD DAGO BOY

i got

pepperoni
grease

on my keyboard

FULL MOON NOVEMBER 12 2019

furfuraceous

glad
i went
to

dollar general

and
stopped in

salims
for

baba ganouche
and
garam masala

yesterday

back in
bed

watching
perry mason

the case of
the

shapely shadow

YOU WILL BE COMPENSATED UP TO \$640 AND RECEIVE A PICTURE OF
YOUR BRAIN UPON COMPLETION OF THE STUDY

smoking
sand

and
a

short attention span
for football

i change the
channel

to a biography
of

f scott fitzgerald

waking up synchronous
with
sport center

showing the highlights
of the
penn state
game

the days
paint

waiting to dry

on the
wall

across
the way

guys up
early

for
a

private show

before they go
to church

with their
family

grateful
for

gods
pinays

the way jennifer aniston

finds
me

in
my

dreams

dr john
sang

i was in the right vein
but it

seems
like

the
wrong arm

wheezes of hashish

LES FEUILLES MORTES

i don't control
the

birds

said
lisa simpson

nor i
the

leaves

whether i accept it
or

not

they have commended
to the

marcescent

suspirating
the last

chartaceous

rattles
of

chlorophyll

its not
for me

to pray you
to

sati

from your
branch

and
blanch
your

ashes

in the coming
maw
of snow

and
winters

aspergillum
of

ice

just know that
i was
there

to share your bones
on this
your
dia de los muertos

and write you
a

calavera literarias

with
a
melting

veladora



NEXT STOP 7TH AND PENN

the gull

same colored
feathers

as

andys
wig

sitting on his bridge

SUPERPOSITIONING

somewhere in

the
multiverses

must be

sade and i
are sweethearts

IN A SPIRITUAL SENSE I GUESS IM SAYING GET OFF MY FUCKIN LAWN

welcome to the
resonant monkey moon of attunement
the seventh moon of the planetary service wavespell

we have now entered the halfway mark of the white magnetic wizard year

it was
looking
grim

for
the

orchid man

time
an innocent bystander

weapon
in its hand

november knows it has ratted us out

lacking the soul
of

frankie pentangelini

more
and
more

i like the idea
that

poetry can do nothing

the
something
they want
is

at
best
asinine

no
plygain of fog

i find tomorrow beyond my comprehension

FAILING TO GET ACCEPTED TO LI BAI UNIVERSITY

i am
unlovable

even

by
a

drunk white moon

REMEMBER GARAM MASALA

isobel

if you keep
playing with your boobs

im
never gonna get any

baba ganouche

and

herring
in

cream sauce



THE GOLDEN GOODIE

max ernst
stopped by

he had a painting in his
pocket

the virgin spanking the christ child before three witnesses

smoked some
viper cookie sand

hashish

and
being
on the

on the same schedule
as

un chien andalou

fell
asleep

lenore carrington
and
dorothea tanning

cooked
a

a phall
of

convolvulus

seeing all
i had
left
in the

fridge

were

adamantine lentils
frenching

a

hot sausaged
tongue

tortillas
swore they were

sunflowers

hoping to get doped up
on
the masalas

under my pillow

hiding them
from

paul eluard

crying
cause

gala
got

dali

by
the
chanas

waiting
for

alexander glovotsky
to
repudiate

mornings
black rose

we talked about
the
picture

on the
fridge

my wife
rachel
took

of
the

beautiful white tree

on
pembroke

i want to fuck

and
magrittes

fiver year old gouda
made
from
the

gloves
of clowns

SURREALISM FOR KIDS

the first
time

mom

took
the

butcher knife into the bathroom

we sat on the whet of her life
and

waited

after
that

if im remembering correctly

subsequent excursions
were as
if

she went to the a&p

i have a chronic bad gag reflex
for

poets who

pimp such moments
for
a

publication or
resume

i just thought

mom
was
crazy

and

it had nothing to do with me

but then
i also
wanted
to leave home

at the age of five

i always
wonder
what kind of life
that could have been

being born
is different
than
belonging

and
i never wanted to

thank god

i wasn't a poet
then

i might have become
a whiner
with a mfa

instead of a

broke ass poet
living in a government subsidized apartment downtown

still
five years old

wanting to runaway

she was
a

schrödinger mom

alive and dead
at

the
same time

no beginnings no ends

NUCLEAR MYSTICISM

the river
meringued

from
the

wind
furfuracious
whisking

its snert

sun
a

cheesecake

i cant
eat

until
after

five

if
ever

by then

the bossche bol
night

will have
spilled

claret

on
casagemas

blue

in
sleeps

hyemation
where

dali is walking down
dopey drive

to make a debacle of the intellect -

VIPER COOKIES TANGUY SAGE AND TIME

formications
of

mercurys
widdershins

the allegheny
tumescant

pinching
my
cute little
punim

with just a
schvitz
of

fog

februarys
puddle

is the
gooses

zafu

pecking
afternoons

crepuscular
derriere

an unusual thursday
the sun in its jewel case

the
epithelium

de chiricod

wtih
the

seelenschmerz

of
knaves

and
sodden witted loons

the restaurant mr singh sold is closed

but
come see me
tomorrow

im making a vindaloo

yves and kay
will be ready for

cocktails at 6:30

there will
be

viper cookies

i don't
have a table

THE DOLOROUS PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST ACCORDING TO THE MEDITATIONS OF BLESSED ANNE CATHERINE EMMERICH

tomorrow
the carnival ends

the rous of
february

whisked
into

ash wednesday

holding
the

ladder

to
the
sorrowful mysteries
of

aprils
golgatha

before the tulips
can anoint
our fever

even with
the gospel of nicodemus

i forget
who was

gestas
and
who was
dimas
or

jesus

simon
on his way
back to

cyrene
africa

and his
sons

alexander and rufus

with a sprig
of

spring
stigmatas

i have forgotten the name of my invisible childhood friend



WIPPERCITY

published

by

ALEXANDER SZEP

